

The Musical World.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 45—No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON has the honour to announce that he has arranged to give a SHORT SEASON of OPERA, commencing on MONDAY, OCTOBER 28TH.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, will be performed

"LUCREZIA BORGIA."

Gennaro, Signor Rettini; Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Gassier; Gubetta, Signor Foli; Rustighello, Signor Agretti; Astolfo, Signor Casaboni; Livetto, Signor Zoboli; Petrucci, Mr. Lyall; Gazella, Signor Fa'asca; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, by Mlle. Titiens.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29TH, Mozart's Opera,

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Casaboni; Cherubino, Madame Demerice-Lablache; Marcellina, Mlle. Bauernmeister; Susanna, Mlle. Sinico; and La Contessa, Mlle. Titiens.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND.—Début of Mlle. KELLOGG.

Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock. The Opera will commence at Eight. Stalls, 15s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Upper Circle, 5s.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Private Boxes, One Guinea and upwards.

The Box-office will open on Monday next, October 21st, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, on and after which date places may be secured. Also of the principal Librarians and Musiciansellers.

Mlle. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, *Prima Donna* of the Academy of Music, New York, will make her First Appearance on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Miss Banks, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Nelson Varley. Solo Violin, Mr. H. Weist Hill. Conductor, Mr. Mauns.

Programme includes Symphony No. 1, B flat (Schumann); the Trumpet Overture in C (Mendelssohn); and Overture, "Semiramide" (Rossini). Admission, Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets free; Stalls for Series, Two Guinea; Single Stalls, Half-a-crown, at the Palace.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce that, the Ballad Concerts of last season having been received by the public with distinguished favour, he has made arrangements to give a SECOND SERIES during the Winter months, to take place every alternate Wednesday. With the view of strengthening and varying programmes, the following arrangements have been made:—

1. The concerts will be divided into two parts; the first consisting of standard and popular songs, ballads, glees, madrigals, &c.; the second part being formed entirely of modern compositions by the most popular writers of the day.
2. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, consisting of 80 voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, has been engaged for the performance of the choral and part music.
3. The songs and duets will be sung by the most eminent artists that can be engaged.

4. At each concert there will be instrumental solos by two distinguished performers. By adhering strictly to this plan, Mr. Boosey trusts that the Ballad Concerts will be found interesting as performances of English music, and attractive as entertainments of a diversified and popular character.

The First Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, October 30th, 1867. Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Mlle. Liebhart, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Cummings.

Instrumentalists—Violin, M. Sainton; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton.

Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 5s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, St James's Hall; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, and Co. Cheapside; and Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to acquaint the Public and her Pupils that she has arrived in Town for the Season. Address—2, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

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MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce to her Friends, Pupils, and the Public, that she will give an EVENING CONCERT, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, on WEDNESDAY, 20th NOVEMBER, when she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Vocalists—Mlle. Angelina Salvi, Miss D. Newton, Miss Mori, and Madame Czerny; Mr. Alfred Hemming and Mr. Denbigh Newton. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. N. Mori; Violoncello, Monsieur Paque; Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes. Conductor, Mr. Nicholas Mori. Family Tickets to admit Four, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 7s.; which may be had of Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

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TENOR SONG—"The Parting" (J. BENEDICT).

BASS SONGS.

"When my thirsty soul I steep" (composed for Santley)—JULIUS BENEDICT; "A Message from the Deep" (composed for Patey)—EMILE BERGER.

DUETS.

Three Duets by F. HAGEMAN; "I'm an Aislan"—J. OFFENBACH; "Village Belles"—BOILEAU; "One Word"—OTTO NICOLAI.

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MISS BRISLAND, Contralto, begs to announce her return from Germany. Letters respecting Lessons, Engagements, etc., to be addressed to 244, Regent Street, or 11, Carlisle Terrace, Kensington, S.W.

MISS MORI and **MR. ALFRED HEMMING** will sing NICOLAI's popular and effective Duet, "ONE WORD," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Evening Concert.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing the new and popular ballad of "THE SPRING," by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY, at Limerick and Watford, during the ensuing week.

MISS BERRY GREENING is re-engaged at several of the towns at which she sang on her Tour just concluded to sing the "MESSIAH" at Christmas. She is now making engagements for a second Tour for December (Midland Counties), and for a third Tour in January in the Eastern Counties. Letters to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MISS BANKS will sing BALFE's popular song, "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," and "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Ashton-under-Lyne and Red Hill, on the 30th inst.

MISS KATE GORDON will perform ASCHER's "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Limerick, October 31st; and Watford, November 4th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Mr. Kea's Promenade Concerts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 25th to Nov. 2nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "SLEEP, MY PRETTY ONE" (Bordese), and "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME" (J. P. KNIGHT), at Newcastle, Oct. 25th, 29th, 30th, 31st, November 1st and 2nd; Liverpool, 4th; Oxford, 7th; City, 9th; Camberwell, 11th; Brixton, 13th; City, 14th; Peckham, 15th; St. Pancras, 21st; Whittington Hall, 24th; Chester, 30th.—METZLER & Co., Great Marlborough St.

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) is now making her Engagements in the Provinces, for the Winter Season, for Oratorios and Concerts. Address—5, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

MADAME RABY BARRETT, Soprano, respectfully announces that she gives Lessons in Italian and English Singing, and that she is open to receive engagements in town or country for Concerts or Private Parties. Address—2, Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA's immensely successful Valse Brillante, "IL BALLO" (composed expressly for and dedicated to her), at Brighton, October 31st; and at Hastings, November 1st. Programme at DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent St. etc.

MDLLE. ANGELE will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mr. Thurnham's Concert, Reigate, Thursday evening, October 31st.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN is now making her engagements (as Principal Soprano in Oratorios and Concerts) for the Autumn and Winter season in the Provinces, including Scotland and Ireland. All communications addressed to her at Messrs. METZLER'S, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will receive immediate attention.

MR. FREDERICK KINGSBURY begs to announce his return to Town for the Season. Communications respecting Concerts and Lessons to be addressed to No. 18, Cecil Street, Strand.

MR. CHARLES HALL AT HOME (199, Euston Road, N.W.), where he will be happy to resume his Instruction in the Art of Singing for the Concert Room and the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having returned to London, will be glad to receive his Pupils for the Pianoforte and Harmonium at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Crystal Palace Grand Concert, THIS DAY.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT begs to announce his arrival in London for the Season.—21, Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS begs to announce his return to London. Letters to be sent to his residence, No. 6, St. Mary Abbotts' Terrace, Kensington.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all letters and engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., may be addressed to him—Adelphi Chambers, Strand, or Fern Bank, Ascot, Berks.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Oldham, November 2nd; Croydon, 7th; Guildford, 11th; Bournemouth, 12th; Salisbury, 13th; Hampton, 20th; Sape Hall, 24th; Stratford, December 10th; Truro, 13th; Plymouth, 17th; Devonport, 18th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," October 28th, Richmond; November 11th, Camberwell; 12th, Brighton.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his Engagements during the Season.

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"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful debut at a Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, composed by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying vocal qualities which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe*.

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HERR REICHARDT will return to London towards the end of this month. All communications to be addressed to Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow Square, Brompton.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has REMOVED from GROSVENOR STREET to 62, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, three doors from Park Lane, where letters or engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S RECITALS at CLIFTON were most successful, his most admired pieces being THE SYMPHS OF THE FOUNTAIN, 4s.; THE ANGEL'S SONG, 3s.; and THE WARBLINGS AT EVE, 3s. "The room was crowded."—*Vide Orchestra*, Oct. 12. Each at half-price, with an extra stamp for postage.

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BACH'S SACRED WORKS.

His "MAGNIFICAT" DESCRIBED BY ROBERT FRANZ.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Unquestionably the world is slow to seek or desire acquaintance with Sebastian Bach. That fugues played on full organ, with so little of marked accent in the entering of the parts, should not be clear to many is not strange. But even our miscellaneous audiences have owned the power and beauty of some of his violin pieces rendered by a master hand; and now and then a sacred *aria*, sung with style and feeling, has reached the general heart almost. We know, too, by report of the deep impression which his *Passion* music and great Mass in B minor have produced wherever they have been performed in Germany, and even in London. Here they have been scarcely called for. There is among us, it is undeniable, a certain dread of Bach; his entrance in a concert-room is shrunk from, and the very name a bug-bear; though a very considerable minority even here are getting rather deeply smitten with the love of him.

We verily believe that this avoidance is not founded in any intrinsic lack of truly human, interesting qualities in Bach's music; for those who know him know that there is no art so sincere, so full of heartfelt piety, so sound and wholesome, so winning an acquaintance, as this art of his, which so few learn to read. We verily believe that it is owing to the whole direction of our past musical education, which has pampered us with what is highly coloured, highly spiced, sensational, and not formed in us either the physical (by the ear), the mental, or the moral habit of perception for this complex, seemingly impassable polyphonic style of writing. We need to be prepared for it; not necessarily by scientific study, but by beginning with the most appreciable, a little at a time, say a few four-part chorals, and so gradually bringing our hearts into *rapprochement* with the style and spirit. It was even so in Germany, until Mendelssohn brought out the *Passions-Musik*.

We scarcely dare to hope that any of our societies or musical educators (it is of no use to speak of "managers") will seriously undertake a Bach oratorio or cantata yet awhile. And yet we know the subject has been mooted in our Handel and Haydn Society, and earnestly by some of them in view of their triennial festival of next May. Of course, such music is not "popular," and, perhaps, never will be. But a great musical society, with an avowed educational motive, and not merely one of pleasurable excitement or pecuniary gain, ought not to consult the popular pulse alone in all it does. I should do some things not because they will be popular, but because they are good, because it is well to know them. If they speak only to a portion of the public, to a few, so surely as they deeply interest and quicken them, so surely as they plant seeds there, they do really influence the whole culture of the time. If we went solely by popularity, no great master-work of poet, artist, or musician ever would be brought out or known except in studies or by hearsay. A musical society should address some part of its season's programme (it need not be the largest) to the more advanced taste or even curiosity of its audience. A great festival is a fit time for such an experiment. We do not know whether our old society will have the courage to look Bach in the face; but it is something even to have begun to moot the question. Meanwhile, to keep the thought in that direction, we for our part here undertake the modest task of translating what Robert Franz has written about one of the shorter (that is, compared to the *Passion*) and, perhaps, more practicable of Bach's great sacred works, the *Magnificat* in D.

Although it cannot be denied that the interest in Bach's vocal works has increased of late years (*i.e.*, in Europe), still, compared to the real worth of these artistic creations, this interest must be counted as but feeble and occasional. The reasons may lie partly in the technical difficulties here to be overcome; partly in the sketch-like form in which Bach has left these works to posterity; partly—and this must be emphasized especially—in the somewhat pretentious habit of the public of to-day of estimating musical achievements mainly with reference to the immediate sensuous enjoyment they afford. The notion, that what cannot be "understood" at once must be deemed unsatisfactory and a failure, contrary to the nature of true art, is unfortunately so widespread, and seemingly justified in thousands of instances, that one can scarcely wonder at the little sympathy with works, which are only to be comprehended and brought home to us by the most earnest and even self-denying devotion. Nobody is willing, on his own part, to carry anything to Art; he would simply be the passive recipient of pleasure and diversion from art. Add to this now, that musical journalism has kept itself as good as altogether silent in regard to Bach's Church compositions generally, with the exception perhaps of the *Matthew Passion* and the *B minor Mass*; that hardly one of the master's numberless productions in that kind has been the subject of an exhaustive discussion, such as would call the attention of larger circles to it, and the want of interest to which we have alluded has indeed a certain justification. Every one thinks he may take it for

granted: "That which the art criticism of to-day leaves so wholly unconsidered, cannot possibly answer the true wants of the present: we do better, therefore, to leave the interest in Bach's vocal works to the so-called 'connoisseurs and scholars;' the old gentleman no doubt has written them principally for them—they may be edified in them to their heart's content!"

It is not our purpose to analyze the reasons of this peculiar attitude of criticism toward these works; it is enough to say that hitherto the public has been altogether destitute of the necessary instruction, whose mediating and adjusting influences would soon enough appear. We gladly resign ourselves to the hope, that there will at last be found those called to such a task, to pay an old and heavy debt to the great dead, and thereby introduce into our future culture elements, which surely will be rich in blessed influences.

Little as we can see the calling and capacity in us for meeting the evil as it should be met, still we hold it our duty to direct public attention to a work, which heretofore has waited in vain for the pen which should lay it warmly to men's hearts.

True, there has been a rumour now for some time of its existence, and it has even been spoken of with great respect—but not on that account has it become one iota better known. As formerly the *B minor Mass* passed for one of the most profound and grand of Bach's achievements, and yet, for all that, its quiet dream life could keep on in the score all undisturbed, just so for years there ran a vague report of a celebrated *Magnificat* of the master. Perhaps here, too, that incomprehensible instinct may have reigned, which so mysteriously draws the human mind toward what is significant, and gradually prepares it for the understanding thereof.

Bach's *Magnificat* is one of the few among his Church compositions, which lay before the world in print before the editions of the Bach Society. W. Rust tells us (in his excellent preface to the first book of the 11th annual issue of Sebastian Bach's Works), that it had already appeared in score in the year 1811 (Simrock, publisher). To be sure, this edition differs from that of the Bach Society in not unessential points. It shows a different key, E flat major, instead of D major, and has none of the alterations, which evidently came later from the improving hand of the master. It will be understood of course, that the following examination is not based upon this edition, but upon the score of the *Magnificat* as published by the Bach Society. . . .

The text of the *Magnificat* is the well-known song of praise of Mary in the Gospel of Luke, chap. i, verses 46-55: "My soul doth magnify the Lord," &c. Although the Bible puts these words in the mouth of a single person, yet, owing to their more universal meaning and the excellent contrasts they afford for musical treatment, they had already been used by the composers of the old Italian school for a larger art-form, in which songs for single voices alternate with choruses. Bach has followed this precedent in his *Magnificat*: it lies before us in a succession of twelve numbers. We will first endeavour to submit each number to a separate consideration, and afterwards to form a fair conception of the composition as a whole.

1. The first number, a chorus in D major, 3-4 measure, treats the words: "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*" (My soul doth magnify the Lord). In an extended prelude the master expounds the materials (themes or motives) on which the piece is founded, and which are afterwards brought into more full and conscious presence by the vocal setting. The orchestra, rich and brilliant for that day, embraces the stringed quartet, two flutes, two oboes, three trumpets, tympani, and, as in most of Bach's Church works, the organ. Each and every part is kept extremely individual and independent in its movement, and they group themselves in three distinct choirs: the string quartet, the wind instruments of wood, the brass instruments with drums. The organ, from which it is well known that Bach used to conduct the Church music, must certainly have served very distinct purposes: here supporting, there predominant, here softening and blending, there mediating, it was in the hand of the master the instrument *par excellence* through which he understood how to make his personal influence avail. It cannot be enough lamented, that Bach in the scores of his Church music has left us no organ part fully written out; with what we should not only have the works in their completeness, but it would reveal to us new forms of expression, of whose depth and significance we can scarcely form a weak conception! No one certainly, who knows with what unheard of mastery Bach treated this instrument, will find this assertion extravagant.

In the three instrumental groups just mentioned, and in the most unconstrained manner, are now developed just so many motives, which dispute the course of the opening number between them. The soaring and elastic leading motive enters first in the oboes; with it is coupled without more delay an accompanying motive, brought in by the three trumpets; out of this again there is at last developed a short side motive, which plays an extremely active part in the subsequent working up. Bach is in the habit of so inventing his themes, that they shall admit of the most various transpositions and inversions; hence

they are written according to the rules of double, triple, quadruple, and quintuple counterpoint. Especially does there reside in them a certain rhythmic, melodic and harmonic spring-power, which uplifts you at the outset with the exciting feeling: that here all will work itself out of itself through the indwelling vitality of the ideas, the themes, and that the ordering master hand will only intervene to guide, to guard against wanton, arbitrary digressions.

After a modulation into the dominant, the prelude, concentrating as essential matter closely, returns to the tonic, in which it makes now a full close. The chorus voices, first and second sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, two by two and without instrumental accompaniment, now seize upon a portion of the main motive, which is presently resumed again in full form by the orchestra, repeating note for note the first half of the prelude. We have already spoken of the remarkably independent and polyphonic conduct of the instrumental introduction; and yet it has been possible for Bach to go still further and to write into this complex score an almost wholly new vocal setting of five parts! If the great master, with his inexhaustible wealth, were not at the same time an equally unapproachable model of the noblest simplicity, such audacity could hardly have come off unpunished. But now how is it possible to our ear, to catch such a multiplicity of parts, to comprehend and feel as a unity all these different turns and passages, as they go swiftly whirling by? What Franz suggests in answer to this question we shall see next time.

(To be continued.)

MALVERN—(From our own Correspondent.)—The sudden removal of Mr. Morrow, the valued member of Mr. Manley's Opera Company, aroused the sympathy of Malvern. Mr. Morrow had gained great esteem in Malvern. His genial disposition, urbane manners, and warmth of friendship, surrounded him with many kind faces, with whom he mingled or enjoyed many refreshing hours. He made a large circle of friends here, and had always a happy smile for everybody. This sudden transition to another world caused quite a shock in this peaceful resort. Only a fortnight back he was one of us; on the Saturday night having taken a lively interest in the parts allotted to him. He was much noted for his energy and vigour of expression. In short, being the last night, he exerted himself too much, which, no doubt, contributed to his sudden and fatal attack. After the opera, Mr. Morrow was as cheerful as possible, spending an hour at Mr. Page's, proprietor of the Beauchamps Hotel. The opera company had been playing to poor houses, and when affairs came to be wound up they were in difficulties. To the honour of Dr. Fernie and Mr. Browning, the energetic proprietor of the Belle Vue, subscriptions were commenced. I rejoice to say through their kind labours some £20 was transferred to the company. How thankful Mr. Manley and company are for such unexpected kindness we need hardly mention. The musical amateurs of Malvern, wishing to extend their sympathy to so sad a case, determined to get up a concert, which was effected. The concert, given on Friday night at Mr. Hayne's Music Hall, was one of the most successful ever given in Malvern. Too much praise can scarcely be awarded to Messrs. Rogers, Powell, Klitz, Dalley, and Lockyer. These gentlemen first proposed the concert, and they were delighted, after all expenses, to hand over even £14. In the second part, the opera company performed. Mr. King's performance on the piano was a good success. Mr. Manley's singing was much liked. Mrs. Manley acquitted herself in no less commendable a manner. Miss Jessie Miles's singing is charming. Though young in the profession this lady bids fair to take rank as a singer. Her pleasing manner and simplicity have won her golden laurels in Malvern, where she is quite a favourite. The general performance was entitled to great praise. The only drawback to the concert was that every song was encored, caused by a lot of "roughs" in the gallery; their yelling and hooting becoming intolerable. It is really disgraceful that in a fashionable town like Malvern, families should be annoyed by the yells, cat-calls and stamping of such a disorderly crew as takes possession of the gallery. I am happy to say that measures will be adopted to stay the nuisance in future.—L. T.

LYNN—During the week an excellent English Opera and Burlesque Company, under the management of Mr. G. R. Mead, has been performing with success, at our theatre, a selection of the most popular operas, such as *Martha*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Rose of Castille*, *Lurline*, &c., with several favourite burlesques, farces, &c. The *prima donna* is Miss Blanche Cole, an accomplished actress and singer; Miss Adele Alessandri is principal contralto; and Miss Annie Blanchere is principal burlesque actress; whilst the principal tenor and baritone parts are sustained by those well-established favourites, Mr. Henry Haigh and Mr. E. Rosenthal. They are supported by a full *corps dramatique* and chorus, and an excellent band, of which Mr. Sidney Naylor is conductor.

Mr. JOHN MONEY, of Norwich, pupil of Dr. Buck, has just been appointed organist and choirmaster of Trinity Church, West Cowes, Isle of Wight.

DER TOD JESU. A CANTATA BY GRAUN.

*Historical Recollections, in connection with the contemplated Graun Monument at Wahrenbrück.**

The idea of erecting a bronze bust in his native town to Carl Heinrich Graun, the *Capellmeister* of Frederick the Great, was warmly received everywhere, especially at Berlin. Our Singakademie lent its aid to the Graun committee at Wahrenbrück; our sculptor, Professor Hugo Hagen, presented them with a splendid plaster model of the never-to-be-forgotten composer, to be cast at Lauchhammer; and some of our leading singers have offered to celebrate the completion of the monument by a performance of *Der Tod Jesu* in the church where Graun received the holy rites of baptism. In the interest, therefore, of the cause of progress in our native country, it will not be out of place to precede the laying of the first stone, and the inauguration of the monument by a few historical reminiscences relating to the celebrated Cantata, in justification of the projected memorial and of the interest taken in it by so many.

The Great King, till the end of his days, remained true to the music of his prime. When d'Alembert visited him after the peace of Hubertsburg, the King hastened to have Graun's Prague *Te Deum* played for him to hear, and afterwards himself selected the old operas to be performed during Carnival time. On the 17th August, 1768, he wrote to Baron Pöllnitz: "The opera of *Cato* (by Hasse) and *Orpheus* (by Graun) must be commanded for the winter;" on the 21st June, 1775, to Count Zierotin: "The operas of *Attilius Regulus* by Hasse, and *Orpheus* by Graun, must be got ready for this winter." To the new *Capellmeister* Reichardt, he said in 1776: "Follow Hasse and Graun, for when I find no melody I am your humble servant." Nay, on the 8th January, 1777, he wrote to the Electress Antonie of Saxony: "New music has degenerated into noise which offends instead of flattering the ears, and nobleness in song is no longer known to our contemporaries; to find it again we must go back to Vinci, Hasse, and Graun." Graun's thirty operas are now, it is true, preserved in score, simply as relics, at the Royal library, and the collection (Kirnberger's) of his duets, trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and choruses from them (1773) is rather a memorial than a store of popular productions; but his *Tod Jesu*, written on his native soil and thankfully preserved, still lives, one hundred and twelve years old, among us, and, by the performance of this sacred creation, an ever increasing number of persons annually take part at Berlin in the worship of Graun, though Johann Sebastian Bach, seventy-nine years after his death, took with his *Passion according to the Gospel of St. Matthew* a high place by the side of *Der Tod Jesu*, nay, marked with his work a new epoch in music. But it is impossible to think of this fortunate circumstance, without a feeling of satisfaction that Bach's most thorough admirer, the Princess Amalie, gave the composer of *Der Tod Jesu* the idea of that work, and urged him to carry it out, and that Zelter and the Singakademie, after having elevated this composition to the place of the most national of all sacred compositions in our capital, should, in 1829, introduce also Bach's *Passion*, which, up to the present day, sometimes alone, and sometimes with *Der Tod Jesu*, has been offered to satisfy our musical cravings and religious sentiment every year in Passion Week, while, at the same time, other Vocal Associations, frequently two or three, have assembled large throngs in churches and concert-rooms, to give them the treat of hearing Graun's *Passion*. A work which has existed so long, and during such different stages of civilization, must naturally always impel art-critics to pronounce, as competent judges, their opinions on it; to-day, it is only a layman, who, on a festive occasion, contributes a few historical reminiscences.

On Tuesday, the 25th March, 1755, it being the Tuesday in Passion Week, Queen Elizabeth Christine, wife of Frederick the Great, attended in the Cathedral the rehearsal of the new oratorio of the *Sufferings of Christ*, and, in the afternoon of the 26th, the work was executed, amid general approbation, in the presence of the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, as well as of the composer himself, by the Cathedral organist, Johann Philip Sack, and the Musical Society which he had founded on the 1st Sept., 1749. Mad. Benedetta Molteni, wife of Agricola, composer to

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

the Court, a fair artist whom, immediately after her arrival in Berlin, the King had mentioned to his sister of Baireuth, as possessing an excellent voice, and as being a great singer, excited by her graceful manner general admiration; she was the gem in Graun's Cantata. On Sack's death in 1764, Schale, a Chamber Musician, was appointed Cathedral organist. After the next year, he gave every Good Friday a performance of *Der Tod Jesu*, the performers being the members of the Amateur Concerts, then just established. These concerts were got up by a considerable Vocal Association, in which Mad. Wilhelmine Caroline Bachmann, formerly Mdle. Stöwe, shone as the leading soprano solo singer. When the society of the Amateur Concerts was dissolved, Mad. Bachmann obtained the privilege of giving Graun's Cantata, every Good Friday, for her benefit. She commenced on the 14th April, 1797, in the large room of the Royal Operahouse, being assisted not only by the Royal singers, male and female, but likewise by the Singakademie. She had, at an early period, taken part with Karl Fasch, and been one of the eight-and-twenty members with whom that remarkable man founded, on the 24th May, 1791, the new Vocal Association which, two years subsequently, was entitled the (Sing-) Akademie, after its first permanent abode, the seat of the Arts and Sciences. Mad. Bachmann's fine voice and great amiability soon rendered her the centre of attraction for the ladies, married and unmarried, of the Singakademie, which for years proved its gratitude to her in every possible way, but chiefly by contributing its vigorous choruses to the performances of *Der Tod Jesu*. On Good Friday, the 4th April, 1806, Mad. Bachmann gave Graun's Cantata, in the Operahouse, for the last time; all the solo parts together with the choruses were executed by the Singakademie, while members of the Royal Band, as well as other musicians, performed the accompaniment. This performance, according to the public opinion of competent judges, was a highly creditable one. Nay, almost three months previously, Zelter invited Goethe's son to the artistic treat, as something quite special. "I should wish," he wrote to the father, on the 12th January, "your son to arrive here, at latest, on Maunday Thursday, that he may hear Graun's *Passions-Musik*, which probably he will never hear anywhere in such perfection."

Mad. Bachmann, known likewise as a song-writer, was the daughter of a chamber-musician, and was born in Berlin, on the 2nd November, 1757. She married, in 1785, Herr Bachmann, a chamber-musician whom she survived eight years, as she died in 1817.

Even before Wilhelmine Bachmann, J. G. G. Lehmann, cantor at the church of St. Nicholas, and also, musical director at the Cologne Gymnasium, a very popular tenor, used to perform Graun's *Passion* in Passion Week every year, with the assistance of the very best singers of both sexes, at the above church. It would seem that the first time he did so was on Monday, the 21st March, 1796. His praiseworthy efforts, like those of Mad. Bachmann, were brought to a close, probably, by that year of misfortune, 1806; but the blessing of his and her exertions, still counts, even now-a-days, in the services rendered by Graun to the cause of progress. Herr Lehmann died on the 5th April, 1816, in his 71st year.

On the retirement of Mad. Bachmann, Professor Zelter, as the successor of Fasch, and in the name of the Singakademie, took possession, on Good Friday, as his legitimate inheritance, of Graun's *Passions-Musik*, and of the room in the Royal Operahouse in which to perform it, for the purpose of augmenting his salary. It was thus that the first three performances were brought about, on the 3rd April, 1807; the 15th April, 1808; and the 31st March, 1809. On the first day in Easter week of the last named year, Zelter repeated, also, in the room at the Operahouse his oratorio, *Die Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Jesu*. The Royal Capellmeister wanted to appropriate Good Friday and *Der Tod Jesu*, but Zelter set out to see the King at Königsberg, and secure the confirmation of his right of inheritance. In consequence of this step on his part, a Cabinet Order of the 29th July, 1809, was issued, granting him permission to give his sacred concerts on Good Friday and the first day in Easter Week in the room at the Operahouse. In connection with this matter, Zelter delivered an address at the death-bed of the Great King in the palace of the Crown-Prince. In it he said: "How far the King was, generally, a connoisseur in art, and how he practised it, may be gathered from the choice of the

persons he selected to improve his Italian Opera; the greatest singers, instrumentalists, architects, painters, dancers, and composers of the time, were engaged for it;" and in the nominal list added by the speaker, Fasch and Graun take their places of honour. As far back as 1802, in an official letter to the Minister, Baron von Hardenberg, then curator of the Academy of Art, Zelter said: "The names of (Emanuel) Bach, Fasch, Graun, Quantz, Benda, Salimbeni, and Kirnberger, will live as long as time itself, and alone be sufficient to immortalize the name of your great patron."

The Cabinet Order of 1809 must have been more comprehensive than it was at first supposed to be, for when the old Theatre (Schauspielhaus) was burnt down in 1817, Zelter again gave deliberately on the Good Friday of the following year, Graun's Cantata in the concert-room of the Operahouse, netting, after payment of all expenses (551 thalers) the large sum of a thousand thalers for himself. On Good Friday, 1821, however, he used the concert-room in the new Theatre for the performance of the Cantata.

On Good Friday, the 5th April, 1822, Zelter, assisted by the Singakademie and the Royal Band, gave Handel's *Messiah*, arranged by Mozart. This was the first deviation from the old academical mode of celebrating the day. But G. Hausmann, organist at St. Peter's, had taken care of Graun's especial admirers, having, on the Wednesday previous, given a performance of *Der Tod Jesu* in the Garrison church, for a charitable purpose as usual, namely, for the Fund in aid of the Widows and Orphans of Members of the Band.

(To be continued).

ROCHESTER.—A concert was given at the Corn Exchange, for the benefit of the Fund. The Exchange was crowded with the leading families in the locality. The Bishop of Rochester was present, and Major-General Murray. Many were unable to gain admittance, and numbers were obliged to stand during the whole of the concert. The programme consisted of songs, glees, madrigals, and part-songs, which were sustained by members of the various choirs, and Miss Rose Hersee. This young lady at once established herself in the estimation of the audience from her excellent rendering of the song, "Le Carnaval de Venise" (Benedict), which secured a rapturous encore; when she gave "A little Bird told me." The glee, "Loud howls the Wind" and "By Celia's Arbour," were effectively sung, the latter being encored. The humorous serenade, "Maiden Fair" (J. Haydn), caused much laughter, especially when the "papa" or "guardian" appeared in his white nightcap. It was re-demanded. The glee, "The Cloud-capt Towers," was given with effect, and loudly applauded. The song of "The Bell-Ringer" was sung by Mr. Chaplin Henry, and received an encore. Miss Rose Hersee again delighted the audience, and sang "A Day too late" (Rose Hersee), which was enthusiastically encored; when she sang "Charlie is my darling," accompanying herself on the piano-forte, and retired amidst continued applause. The catch, "Would you know" (Webbe), was very amusing. Other glees, &c., were given effectively, and the concert was in every way successful.—*Chatham News*, Oct. 19.

DRIFFIELD.—A concert was given in the Assembly Rooms, by Mr. Jackson, on the 10th instant, at which there was a large audience. The following singers appeared:—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss M. Newbound, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. David Lambert; Mr. Henry Blagrove (violin) and Miss Kate Gordon (piano-forte) were the instrumentalists. The songs re-demanded were: "Safely sighs" (Miss Edith Wynne); "How to ask and have" (Miss Newbound); "My pretty Jane" (Mr. Perren); and "I'm a Roamer" (Mr. Lambert). Mr. Blagrove gave two violin solos splendidly, and was encored. Miss Gordon gave solos on the piano very effectively. The same parties performed at the "Spa" saloon on the following evening.

YARMOUTH.—We are glad to announce that Mr. Stephen Kemp, son of Mr. Kemp, carver and gilder of this town, has gained no little distinction since his admission as student at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Kemp, who at a very early age, as pupil of Mr. Stones, organist of the parish church, manifested a great love of music, entered upon his career at the Royal Academy some two years since, from which time he has made great progress in his favourite study. In June, 1866, he succeeded in gaining the bronze medal of the institution, and in November of the same year he gained one of the new free scholarships granted for a term of three years. Stimulated by success, the young student appears to have applied himself with increased zeal to his musical studies, for at the annual public concert held at the Hanover Square Rooms, Mr. Kemp gained the honourable distinction of holder of a silver medal, being the only competitor to whom this much-coveted prize was awarded.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

THE STAGE IN NEW YORK.

(BY A LONDON PLAYGOER.)

With the exception of the Bowery, the New York theatres, considered as edifices, furnish models which the London architect would do well to imitate, as they are light, commodious, and so arranged as to allow nearly the whole of the audience a good view of the stage. The theatres in London that most resemble them are Astley's, in its present condition, and the small house at High-bury Barn. But a far better imitation—one, indeed, that exceeds the originals—is the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in which the lightness of the American house is qualified by gorgeous "appointments" scarcely to be matched anywhere.

The New York audiences are, for the most part, extremely sedate and decorous, and, save at the Bowery, seem devoid of the decidedly plebeian element. This deficiency, which, perhaps, more than any other peculiarity, renders an American audience remarkable to an English visitor, may be attributed partly to the architectural arrangement by which the gallery, with its low-priced seats, is kept out of sight, partly to a disposition among the operative classes to make as good a figure as their fellow-citizens. It is quite probable that a working man may be among the aristocrats of the house—a contingency which is scarcely possible at a fashionable London theatre. The sedateness of the New York public may, however, be suddenly broken up when a change seems least to be expected, and an assembly that has apparently been composed of stern judges will all at once be tickled with a straw. Of this we had one instance in the enthusiastic delight created by Lettie in the *Pet of the Petticoats*. Nor does the Puritanical element of the population at all control the moral tone of the theatre as it does in England. It keeps several people away altogether, and confines them to the "mus-cums" and concerts; but those who have once passed the Rubicon that separates the playhouse from the rest of the world, will endure grazes on propriety that would scarcely be tolerated in London.

The people of New York are, as a rule, resolute playgoers, like the people of Paris. The formal and decorous are quite as steady in their patronage of the drama as those who make noisy demonstrations of delight, and the theatre is a necessary social institution in America to a degree which can scarcely be conceived by the ordinary Londoner. The merchant of the British capital, who retreats from the neighbourhood of the Exchange to his handsome suburban villa, and there—

"—otium et apoll,
Laudat rura sœc."

has quitted the theatrical world altogether, and if he speaks of the stage at all, refers to his early patronage of it as to one of the venial sins of his youth. The commercial grandee of Wall Street, on the other hand, who performs an analogous operation by moving from New York to the adjacent city of Brooklyn when the hours of business are over, finds two theatres in his vicinity. Fancy two big play-houses at Clapham, or Tottenham, or Holloway, sufficiently patronized to permit the engagement of the first actors in the country!

With all their ardent love for theatrical amusements, I have no hesitation in saying that the Americans care much more for the actors than for the merits of the play itself. This predilection is consistently accompanied by a regard less to a perfect *ensemble* than to the excellency of the "star" of the evening, and, granted the almost impossible case of a theatrical critic devoting the whole of his notices to the exclusive exaltation of one particular artist at the expense of every other member of the profession, New York would offer a fine field for his exertions, with, however this drawback—that he would be answered by literary opponents, in a plain "show-up" kind of style, totally unlike anything in the Old Country. Youth and personal appearance have much to do with the success of a female artist, and, I fear, are allowed to overbalance the proper estimation of talent. At the present day no performer who is regarded as *passé* in London should look for success in America, unless backed by a reputation sufficiently large to awaken universal curiosity.

As a consequence of the fact recorded in the last paragraph I would, however, mention another, which is of high importance to the English public, and that is, that the "star system" prevails in America to an extent elsewhere unknown. Wallack's regular

company stands, indeed, apart from the rest, but an actor at any other theatre who has only appeared as one of the "stock," never as a "star," has obtained no testimonial whatever of the estimation in which he is held by the American public. The present houses for tragic "starring" are Niblo's and the Broadway, to which would be added the Winter Garden, had it not been destroyed by fire. The houses for comic "starring" are the Broadway (which is dedicated to both Muses), the Olympic, and Wallack's, the last during the recess. For exceptional displays, such as those of French and Italian talent, there is the Théâtre Français, in an extremely genteel, but somewhat out-of-the-way quarter. Here Madame Ristori drew crowded audiences, and here, unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Bateman's French operatic troupe is drawing crowded houses still. Mrs. Lander, who performs in high tragedy, selected, indeed, this theatre during her recent sojourn at New York, but it must be borne in mind that she played in a translation of *Elisabetta*, and wished to be regarded as the English Ristori. But for ordinary purposes a "star" would scarcely choose the Théâtre Français.

Though the regular theatrical season scarcely begins till September, the English artist who wishes to try his fortunes in the New World should, at any rate, make his arrangements early in the year. At present all vacancies are filled, and will remain so till May, while the constant attractions of the ballet, *Black Crook*, which, being almost devoid of plot, admits the introduction of any eccentric novelty, bars Niblo's, one of the most important theatres, against every actor of any legitimate department, and the bar may last till Christmas twelvemonth for anything that can be predicted to the contrary. One question the migrating artist should ask himself is this—Whether he has really anything new to offer or is sufficiently conspicuous at home to have become an object of curiosity abroad? If he cannot answer this in the affirmative he had better keep his passage money in his pocket. *Black Crook* is liked simply because a ballet on a large scale has never been seen before, and a second "Crook" would, I am sure, meet with but crooked fortune. Madame Ristori, an Italian actress, who did not sing, and was a Marchioness withal, was something new; new also is an opera by Offenbach. Those who imagine that New York is a convenient place for carting off any old rubbish that is useless in Europe are egregiously mistaken. The Americans can appreciate histrionic excellence, and they have appetite for novelty, but for anything that is neither new or good they have no relish whatever. And let me emphatically repeat an assertion which I made on a former occasion: that there is nothing vulgarizing in their influence. Like all other people they may be tickled by an oddity, but they are perfectly capable of appreciating the utmost refinement in acting. To prove this assertion, I need only refer to the crowds who have thronged to witness Mr. Jefferson's representation of *Rip van Winkle*.

To the dramatist, save under certain exceptional circumstances, New York offers, in my opinion, but slight encouragement. In the first place there is the international law, or rather lack of law, which permits the manager of the American theatre to use the whole of the London repertory gratis; in the second, a piece that has already received applause in the Old Country will be preferred to one that has passed no ordeal whatever. But a great scene-painter would, I think, find it worth his while to cross the Atlantic. He would find a people endued with an almost morbid appetite for scenic decoration, and no artist at hand at all equal to supply the demand. The grand scenes are now purchased in England to be taken to America after they have answered pantomimic purposes at home; but there is plenty of money to pay for them if they were shown at New York in the first instance, and they do not come like a celebrated piece on the strength of their English reputation. The lack of scenic art cannot be better expressed than by the assertion that, whereas in London, even the humblest theatres can boast of a well-executed drop-curtain, such a luxury is rare at New York.

If, however, some undaunted genius should aspire to write original plays for New York, in spite of all judicious warnings to the contrary, I would advise him to try his hand at a class of composition which, without the assistance of a manager filled with the spirit of Mr. Charles Kean, would not gain for him a single sixpence in London. Let him write big dramas—the larger the better on subjects borrowed from the earlier history of England,

and as historical as possible in their character. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, for instance, are rather bores than otherwise to the irreverent playgoers of England, but the Americans look to them as their noted ancestors, much as the aristocrats of Athens looked to the mythic founders of their families. Nor must the plays be written in an anti-English spirit; for, amid all the bickerings between the two nations, the Americans harbour a deep love for their Old World, and if a date is taken prior to that of the family quarrel, this feeling can express itself without restraint, —don't let King Philip conquer Queen Elizabeth, especially while Cuba belongs to the Spaniards.

So much for the Stage in New York.

MUSIC OF NATURE.—No. 2.

SYMPATHIES OF SOUND.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—It is owing to the sympathetic communication of vibrations that persons with a clear and powerful voice have been able to break a large tumbler glass by singing close to its proper fundamental note. I have heard of a case where a person broke no fewer than twelve large glasses in succession. The sympathy of vibration, or tendency of one vibrating body to throw another into the very same state of vibration, shews itself remarkably in the case of the going of two clocks fixed to the same shelf or wall. It was known near a century ago that two clocks set agoing on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other, and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time, will resume its vibrations and, in its turn, stop that of the other clock. Mr. John Ellicott, who first observed these effects, noticed that two clocks, which varied from each other ninety-six seconds a day, agreed to a second several days when they were placed on the same rail. The slowest of these two clocks, which had a slower pendulum, set the other in motion in sixteen minutes and a half, and stopped itself in thirty-six minutes and a half. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibrations communicated from the one pendulum to the other through the shelf, or rail, or plank, on which they both rest. It has been found that two conflicting sounds produce silence, as converging rays of light produce darkness.

No. 3.—BIRDS AT MORNING.

Probably one of the most curious examples of the apparently trifling pursuits of scientific men has been exhibited by one of the most esteemed members of the Academy of Science of Paris—M. Dureau de la Malle. He was anxious to ascertain at what hour different birds began their morning song; he, therefore, from the first of May to the sixth of July, made observations which he regularly published. It appears that for thirty years this vigilant naturalist went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and rose at midnight, during spring and summer, and that this eccentric habit was for scientific purposes. It seems that the bird concert is opened about one o'clock by the chaffinch, and that the sparrow is the laziest bird, not leaving his nest till about five o'clock; in the intermediate hours, at marked intervals, which M. de la Malle has carefully noted down, other birds commence their natural melody. He has shown that, on more than one occasion, the different birds have mistaken artificial light for the dawning of day, and that a solar lamp has awakened the little choristers.

No. 4.—NORWAY FORESTS.

"The verie essence and, as it were, the springheade of all musicke, is the verie pleassante sounde which the trees of the foreste do make when they growe."—*Old Writer.*

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together, along these deep sea vallies, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by thousands of voices. In the summer time there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks, and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inherit the isles; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes until they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests,

wakes this music as it goes. The stiff spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument; so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest wakens a myriad of tiny harps, and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through. This music of course ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is a sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard, by those who listen, when the Northern Lights are shooting and blazing across the sky. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house and clear a field or two; wherever there is a platform beside the cataract, where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path for it to join some road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people, and they hold their gay meetings in defiance of their arctic climate through every season of the year.

B. B.

TO CHARLES LAMB KENNEY, Esq.

SIR,—In the last issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Swinburne, the poet, has indulged in a profound criticism on the poet Arnold. At least I think it profound, as I do not understand it. I am told you are a great authority on such matters, and should be grateful if you would favour me with your opinion of the following sentences extracted from the article alluded to:—

"The large, clear, and calm utterances of Mr. Arnold are placed above the half-hearted yearnings and cravings of which modern verse is redundant. . . . Nothing in verse or out of verse is more wearisome than the delivery of reluctant doubt, of half-hearted hope, and half-incredulous faith. . . . The supreme charm of Mr. Arnold's work is a sense of right, resulting in a spontaneous temperance, which bears no mark of curb or snaffle, but obeys the hand with imperceptible submission and gracious reserve. Other and older poets are to the full as vivid, as incisive, and impressive; others have a more pungent colour, a more trenchant outline; others as deep knowledge, and as fervid enjoyment of natural things. But no one has in like measure that tender and final quality of touch which tempers the excessive light, and suffuses the fluent shade; which, as it were, washes with soft air the sides of the earth, steeped with dew of quiet, and dyes with colour of repose, the ambient ardour of noon, the fiery effluence of evening. His verse bathes us with fresh radiance and light rain when weary of the violence of summer and winter, in which others dazzle and detain us; his spring wears here and there a golden wail of autumn, his autumn a rosy stray of spring. His tones and effects are pure, lucid, aerial; he knows by some fine impulse of temperance all rules of distance, of reference of proportion; nothing is thrust or pressed upon our eyes, driven or beaten into our ears."

If this be criticism, it must be new criticism. I have read nothing like it.

T. C. D., Dublin.

FION M'COUL.

EDINBURGH.—The last Saturday Evening Concert was under the patronage of Colonel Unwin and the Officers of the 6th Royals, the band of which regiment played several selections. Considerable disappointment was caused by the non-appearance, through illness, of Mr. Weiss. His place, however, was not unworthily supplied by Mr. Winn, in addition to whom there appeared Miss Dunsmore, Mr. Frank Elmore, and Mr. James Houston. Miss Dunsmore's first song, "The Dashing White Sergeant," secured an encore, for which she gave, with much humour, "Who's that tapping?" The compliment of a redemand was likewise paid her in "Tam Glen," but in this instance she merely bowed acknowledgment. Mr. Frank Elmore was favourably heard in Reichardt's favourite song, "Thou art so near," although his first song "Bella Donna," elicited a hearty encore. Mr. Winn sang several sea-songs with great spirit, the most acceptable of which was "The brave old Temeraire," the repetition of which he courteously declined. Mr. Houston told several of his stories with great point and humour. But the great feature of the concert was the performance by the 6th Royals' Band, under the leadership of Herr Beyer, of the overture to *Semiramide*, "Margarite valse," the "Echo of the Night" (fantasia), a Scotch fantasia, and a selection from *Il Trovatore*. Next Saturday evening is to be devoted to a performance of the *Messiah*, for which very worthy engagements have been made.—*Daily Review*, Oct. 21.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

TENTH SEASON, 1867-8.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE DIRECTOR begs to announce that the TENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS will commence on MONDAY EVENING, November 11th, and that the Performances will take place as follows:—

Monday, November 11, 1867.	Monday, January 27, 1868.
Monday, November 18, "	Monday, February 3, "
Monday, November 25, "	Monday, February 10, "
Monday, December 2, "	Monday, February 17, "
Monday, December 9, "	Monday, February 24, "
Monday, December 16, "	Monday, March 2, "
Monday, January 13, 1868.	Monday, March 9, "
Monday, January 20, "	Monday, March 16, "

Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays—February 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, March 7th, 14th (1868).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue Subscription Tickets at £5 (transferable), entitling holders to Special Sofa Stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole Series of Twenty-three Concerts—viz., sixteen Monday Evenings and seven Saturday Mornings.

Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for the Seven Morning Concerts, £1 10s.

Madame Arabella Goldard will appear on Monday evenings, November 11th, 18th, and December 2nd; and Mr. Charles Hallé on Mondays, November 25th, December 9th and 16th.

Herr Wilhelmj is engaged as principal violin for the opening concerts before Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of principal violoncello from the first concert till the end of the season.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in January and February; and Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, February 17th, and remain till Easter. Herr Strauss and Herr Pauer will also appear in January.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of conductor, as heretofore, on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

On the 1st October, in one vol. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT: Being an attempt to set forth those Fundamental Principles of Human Expression from which have sprung the Chief Forms of Musical Composition, in order, if possible, to Deduce the Essential Spirit and Features of these Forms, and thus to lay down the Leading Principles which should regulate their Construction. By JOSEPH GODDARD, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

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DEATH.

On the 15th inst., at his residence, 39, Cuffe Street, Dublin, MR. THOMAS WHITE, organ-builder.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

MUSICAL TRAVELLING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST. By FERY KLETZER.*

(Continued from page 651.)

IN Solo and Dyueja the Princes have their own troops for the service of the Government. They elect their own officers and enjoy the pleasure of often exercising their forces. The latter go through their evolutions and fire better than the Government troops. They are, too, very well clothed. The Princes are always

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

the warders of the proper rulers of the country, the Sultans, and thus the Government is delivered from all anxiety on this score. The Emperor at Solo, and the Sultan at Dyueja, live each in a palace (called a Kraton) containing whole streets of houses and huts, capable, it is said, of accommodating several thousand persons. These palaces are surrounded by high walls with a great many gates. The palaces, properly speaking, are gloomy buildings. Before each of them stands a wooden pavilion supported upon wooden pillars. In this pavilion are situated the reception-room and the banqueting-hall. Before the Sultan or a Prince there is always a servant upon his knees. This person performs all his service kneeling, and, when ordered to leave the apartment, does so by crawling away, with his face turned towards his lord. The Sultan received me one day in an ordinary dressing-gown. My interpreter introduced me to him. He sat on an elevated seat. On each side of him knelt four slaves, holding in their hands gold and diamond tobacco and cigar cases. Behind him knelt four more slaves. One bore a sword—a kind of hunting knife—the symbol of power; another, a stick; another, a cap ornamented with diamonds; and the fourth, the triple umbrella. On the steps leading up to his feet knelt about sixty women, naked to the hips. We drank coffee and smoked. The Emperor at Solo is waited on by women only. They are naked almost to the waist; have costly diamonds in their ears and on their fingers, and wear nothing save a woollen shawl, which they wrap round the lower part of their body. The men, also, wear similar shawls, while the upper part of their body is covered with a linen or silk jacket, adorned on festive occasions with buttons of brilliants. The "kries" is stuck in a girdle. Round their head is wound a piece of cloth, which protects their fine hair. Even the officers of the Princes wear their hair under such a cloth, over which they set their regimental cap.

Solo and Dyueja have small forts, but neither is garrisoned by more than three hundred men, most of whom are Africans. In all Java there are perhaps about eighteen thousand men, of whom some eight thousand are armed regularly; everybody, however, carries arms. The people have very little education and no energy; if well treated, however, they are good-natured; fond of laughing, and inclined for amusement. In every manufactory therefore, music, dancing, and dramatic entertainments are the order of the day.

In the Principalities, the languages spoken are Malay and Javanese; as, however, the same words often possess a different meaning according as they are uttered by individuals of more or less exalted rank, the idiom is very difficult. The Princes very rarely appear abroad in their national costume; they generally wear the uniform of a Dutch general covered with orders, or a French dress-coat with a star on their breast. At home, they are national, and go about barefooted. Solo is a very wide spread town, full of low wretched huts, and it is only now and then that the traveller perceives the gate-way to the large house, half concealed from sight, of some rich native. The streets are very broad and bordered by lofty trees. Trees that excite our astonishment at home for their height, would be here considered, at the most, as so many low shrubs. It is scarcely possible for anyone to form a notion of these gigantic trees. After I had become accustomed to them, I would frequently remain standing still with astonishment when a more gigantic specimen than usual met my view, and excited my admiration of so divine a climate. The town of Solo properly so-called lies in a ring round the small fortress. The houses are built close together, and in the same style as in the other towns. The villas and country houses, the *campos* of the natives, stretch far beyond the town. There is only one single inn at Solo, and, as I arrived during the night, I was compelled to go to it. Unfortunately, I did not sleep in my room, but, as no one

saw me, felt compelled to make my bed before the door, because the room was so damp, the walls being covered for two feet in height by green mould. The town, I must mention, is subject to great inundations; the water rushes so precipitately down from the mountains that the inhabitants can scarcely escape from the houses. Unluckily, my room was down below, on a level with the court-yard, where every place was filled with water. These inundations render the town damp, marshy, and unhealthy. A few miles off, in the mountains, the country is certainly fresh and pleasant, but the business-man resides in the city, and we foreigners do not travel simply to inhale fresh air; a man must, also, possess acquaintances to be able to pay visits at the country-seats, and even then the dear rate of posting, and the disagreeable modes of conveyance would place serious obstacles in his way. The next morning, I called upon the President, who had invited me to stay with him. He was exceedingly surprised at my arrival. After reading my permit to pass into the Principalities, he offered me his excuses, addressing me by name, and expressed his regret at not having made any preparations for my concert, since he was not quite sure when I should come. Yet he had previously written to tell me that he had arranged everything. He stated, likewise, that it was out of his power to receive me in his house, as he was on the point of having a sale by auction, and returning to Europe. He introduced me to his secretary, a native of Holland, whose name was Wilkins, that he might help me to arrange my concert. In Java, every official holding a high position has to hire and thoroughly furnish a house. If he is suddenly removed, he is under the necessity of selling off everything by auction. If he has enough time, he is present at the proceedings and can naturally get a better price for his things, otherwise, the Government has them valued at the lowest figure, and pays him over the money. The Resident, however, who is the highest person in the district, has the best chance of losing nothing on such occasions; indeed, he cannot fail to derive profit from the transaction. A dignitary of this description is never allowed to accept a present without the permission of the Governor; he cannot be bribed as in many countries—but, when he leaves, his friends come and purchase all his goods and effects. The Resident in the present instance was much liked, and sold his things, that were worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand florins, for fifty-four thousand, the landed proprietors of the place presenting him besides with a thousand florins' worth of silver plate. Thus it may easily be conceived that his own business was of more importance to him than mine. But I was placed in an embarrassing position, for I was under the necessity of visiting all my acquaintances, and thus remain for a longer time than I could spare. The "Société" gave me their small saloon for twenty-five florins, and charged fifteen florins for the lighting; I was obliged to pay ready money, and, till I had done so, was not allowed to print my bills. It is thus that these associations assist strangers. Herr Wilkins, the Resident's secretary, really took great trouble in arranging the concert as well as possible, and a certain Herr Deck accompanied me very well on the piano. I had, moreover, the co operation of a musical union consisting of seven members. The Mesdames Wilkins played a piece for four hands, and Deck a solo. Thus the programme went off very well. I had, by the way, removed from the hotel to the lodgings of a young merchant of the name of Veldmann, who gave me a room on the upper story. I had my meals at the inn, and, also, frequently at the apothecary's, M. Coucnass, a native of Brussels, who had raised himself, by his speculative spirit, from a poor boy to be a rich man. M. Coucnass has a son who plays the violin very well, only it is a pity his father will not procure him a better instrument. The youth was much pleased at playing with me, and, though he stuck three

times, gave general satisfaction. His accompanying was, however, in truth, a miserable performance, for he possessed the fault of all amateurs, who will play nothing but grand pieces. It was at this family's that I became acquainted with Herren Derr and Gerkum, both Government officials, and very agreeable persons. The families of Wilkins, Scholtz, and Coucnass may be very useful to the State, as they boast of a great many daughters, who may some day found large families. It does not appear, however, that M. Coucnass made his fortune by the fairest means, as he is distinguished more especially for his amiable habit of charging for a prescription three times its value. I enjoyed a slight sample of this, having been obliged by my weak state of health to have two prescriptions compounded. On the first occasion, I paid two florins for pills and pomatum. When I had them made up again eight days afterwards, M. Coucnass charged nine florins, and thought he was very moderate, as he only reckoned a florin a day. Being compelled to have his son to help me, I was under the necessity of putting a good face upon the matter, and paying the bill.* Prince Mangonogoro who possesses an income of nearly a million florins, invited me to go and see him. He is a free and independent prince, with his own territory, army, and court. The Government are on very good terms with him, as they have only advantages to expect from being so. His palace is finer than that of the Emperor. A connecting flight of steps leads from his residence to the reception pavilion. The space before the former is occupied by a stage, in front of which he and his guests sit to witness the plays performed by his retainers. On one side, under the stage is the orchestra (*Gamlán*). The instruments consist of violins; a kind of guitar, constructed after the old fashion, and all worked out of ivory; a flute (shepherd's flute); sets of bamboo canes placed in a row with strips of brass upon them, and played with two hammers; and lastly musical glasses such as I described as having seen at Sourabaya. Though rough looking, they possess a remarkable tone, and under experienced hands emit the softest music. Belonging to the orchestra are some very young girls. In the corresponding space on the other side sit the dancers (*bayadères*), who are beautifully formed, but simply go through different quiet postures in keeping with the music, possessing no charm, and marked by a degree of monotony the reverse of entertaining. They all advance and kneel down, looking at their lord with the accustomed greeting. I received a second invitation to attend one of the grander festivals which these princes give once a month. The road to the palace—a good distance—was lined with lancers placed close to each other, while between every fifty men was a set of musical glasses such as I have described. The soldiers fired salvoes with such surprising and admirable precision that their 9,000 guns made but one report. The troops look very well in Dutch uniforms. The pavilion contains perhaps 300 guests. The Prince himself was in uniform. The Government officials from the Resident downwards, and all the other guests, wear black dress coats. Everyone greeted the Prince. The ministers and members of the Emperor's court sat in a row near him, with the Emperor's son at their head. The inferior nobles of the court wear a woollen shawl round their stomach, a waistcoat trimmed with gold, and a tall cap with yellow and black ribbons. These caps are made of thin transparent leather, or perhaps of paper soaked in oil, like the umbrellas they invariably bear before their lord. Ranged on two sides, in the middle of the military bands, were the Prince's *Gamlán* players, who performed only during the dinner. The latter was very good and dressed in the French style. It ended with the last

* If Herr Fery Kletzer is only half as great an adept on his instrument as he is in saying illiberal and ill-natured things of nearly every one he comes across, and if he possesses as much love of art as he exhibits selfishness, I should say he must be one of the greatest musicians that ever existed.—TRANSLATOR.

toast for King and Country. The Prince then bade us all farewell, and had us driven home in his carriages. The Resident went in his own carriage, which is ornamented with a crown and goldwork, and drawn by six fine English horses. The entire festival was as splendidly managed as it could be anywhere in Europe, and marked throughout by a great display of pomp and wealth. The Prince is a highly accomplished man. He absolutely presented me to his wife. He has only that one. She is over forty years of age; dresses very simply; speaks with fluency; and possesses the skill of saying something agreeable to everyone. At the festivals, the Javanese deck themselves out in wreaths of flowers, which spread a marvellous odour around. They wear them generally in their hair, fastened with pins of brilliants. Brilliants are in great request here. The natives have small watches ornamented with them, and worn on their breasts like little orders.

The next morning, the Resident recommended me to the Emperor, and told me the hour when the latter would see me. I drove with Herr Wilkins, as interpreter, to the palace. We passed through an immense court-yard, and then through an opening in the wall of fortification surrounding the palace properly so-called. At the door wretched provisions are sold to the people, thousands of whom, as previously mentioned, live there. You here see the huts of the Emperor's subjects. These huts will admit only two persons creeping in on their knees. As I said, thousands live so miserably, that, for a foreigner, it is something absolutely horrible to behold.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF MR. W. H. WEISS.

With very deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Weiss, the popular bass singer, which took place on Thursday, at his residence, St. George's Villa, Regent's Park, after a very short illness, at the age of forty-eight. A more upright, kind, and true-hearted man never existed. It is now nearly thirty years since I saw him make his *debut* on the stage in Dublin as Oreveso in *Norma*. He was then the pupil of Mr. Balfe, and from that time to the present he held the highest rank in his profession as a vocalist, and one of our leading bass singers both at the Festival Oratorios and Concerts, and principal bass whenever an English opera was given at any of our large theatres in London. His reputation as a singer was not confined to the metropolis. Every town and city throughout the United Kingdom will miss the fine manly appearance of poor Willoughby Weiss at their oratorios and concerts, where his kindly feeling, gentle disposition, and noble voice ever rendered him a welcome visitor, and a great public favourite. His death leaves a blank amongst English vocalists which will not easily be filled up. Mr. Weiss was a thorough musician, and a song-composer of eminence. That we shall never again hear him sing his remarkably clever setting of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and other of his popular effusions, is to ourselves and many sorrowing friends, a sorrow of the deepest kind. Mr. Weiss leaves a widow, the well-known favourite soprano singer, and one daughter to lament his loss. Peace to his *manes*.

BASHI BAZOOK.

MR. AGUILAR'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—At the last *séance* the programme comprised: Sonata (Op. 22), Beethoven; Ophelia (Romance), Aguilar; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; Nocturne in B, Chopin; Gavotte, Bach; Fantasia Sonata, Schubert; Lieder ohne Worte, Book V., Nos. 3 and 4, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on airs from *Fra Diavolo*, Aguilar; "Si doux et si cher" (Poésie musicale), composed expressly for Miss Grace Aguilar, Oberthür; La Regata Veneziana (Transcription), Liszt; Evening (Romance), and March, Aguilar. Miss Grace Aguilar played Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo, Oberthür's piece, and Liszt's Transcription.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Count Pepoli, the husband of Madame Alboni, died a few days since at the Maison de Santé of Doctor Blanche, where he had been confined for upwards of two years. No doubt the sad bereavement has prevented the renowned contralto from making her appearance in public during this period, as I happen to know that her vocal powers are absolutely unimpaired, and that, whenever she sang at Rossini's *soirées*, she invariably created the old furor. The funeral obsequies of the deceased Count were celebrated on Monday, the 14th, in presence of a select number of the intimate friends of the family. Madame Alboni, in accordance with an Italian custom, had 200 children, all orphans, to follow the hearse.

The libretto of Auber's new opera, which is from the united pens of MM. D'Ennery and Cormon, has been read at the Opéra-Comique, and was pronounced most excellent by the distinguished company of artists assembled in the "Green-Room." The title of *Hélène* has been given to the opera, which will have for its interpreters, MM. Capoul, Sainte-Foy, Prilleux, Melchisedech, and Nathan, and Mesdames Monbelli and Marie Roye.

The first representation of M. Duprato's one-act opera, or operetta, *La Fiancée de Corinthe*, so long in rehearsal, so long promised, and so long anxiously awaited by the composer and his friends, was given at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra a few nights since, with hardly that brilliancy of success which was anticipated by the management. M. Duprato in his youth gave high tokens of musical talent. He was born at Nîmes in 1826, took the "Prix de Rome" in 1848, and brought out his first work, *Les Trouvailles*, a *pasticcio*, in 1851, which had a fair success. M. Duprato is decidedly clever, and handles his orchestra like a practised musician. Moreover, his melodies, though too often commonplace, are frank and natural. He writes, however, with too much pretension, and seems to labour in the attainment of a "grand style." This certainly he has not achieved in his *Fiancée de Corinthe*, which is more of a cantata than an opera. If the *Fiancée* has not greatly succeeded no blame can be attributed to M. Perrin, who, in the matter of "mounting" and singers, was as liberal as any manager could be. Mdlle. Mauduit and Mdlle. Bloch were both good, the former, indeed, excellent, singing and acting like one under an internal influence, which could hardly be affirmed of her fair co-partner, who was somewhat cold and indifferent, it might be, nervous. The *répise* of the ballet of *Le Corsaire*—one of the sometime glories of the opera—was a delight to all the old lovers of the ballet, who, I am grieved to think, seem to pass away yearly with the growing desire for utility and realization. We no longer sigh for "dreamland," and require murders, breaches of commandments, and subjects the most revolting to excite our feelings. Everything must now be founded on fact, be real and natural, as it is called, and imagination must succumb to cold calculation. Poetry is defunct, and the ballet, one of its fairest children, is dying of a rapid consumption. Mdlle. Granzow, the new Medora of the *répise*, is very charming and full of talent of the most alluring kind, together with an appearance that takes the eye at a glance. The remembrance of Rosati, however, was detrimental to a great success for Mdlle. Granzow, and it is almost a pity that the fair Russian *danseuse* should have made her *début* in a part so intimately associated with one of the most accomplished of the daughters of Terpsichore who has figured on the boards of the Opéra for half a century. Nevertheless, Mdlle. Granzow is destined to become a great favourite.

At the Italiens they play *Lucia*, *Crispino e la Comare*, *La Traviata*, *Don Pasquale*—in all of which Mdlle. Adelina Patti appears. In fact she is the single talisman of the Salle Ventadour, and when an opera is given in which she is not allotted a part, the receipts exhibit an extraordinary falling off. Is M. Bagier to be blamed, therefore, for making so much use of his only powerful attraction? One can hardly say; no doubt it is a great temptation. Mdlle. Patti is announced for the part of Angiolina in Prince Poniatowski's opera-buffa, *Don Desiderio*, in which I have no doubt she will achieve a new and triumphant success.

Mdlle. Irma Marié, the sister of Madame Galli-Marié, has made her *début* at the Opéra-Comique as Pamina in *La Flûte Enchantée*. Madame Miolan-Carvalho has not improved the success of Mozart's opera by resigning a part which she sustained so ably, both as actress and singer, to a mere novice.

The Grim Tyrant has been busy in Art-land lately. In addition to the death of M. Giuliani, the well-known and able Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, which all the papers mentioned last week, I see the deaths announced of M. Couder, a very clever singer at the Variétés, who distinguished himself in Offenbach's music, and M. Ferdinand Langlé, vice-president of the Society of Authors and Dramatic Composers, and himself the writer of the librettos of many successful operas, notably of *Maitre Pathelin*, *Le Tailleur et la Fée*, *Le Sourd*, *Un Tour en Espagne*, *Le Lansquenet*, *Le Camarade de Lit*, &c. Helas! who can tell but it may be the turn next of
Paris, Oct. 24.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

It is not every pianist who can venture, with hope of success, to give a concert alone and unaided. Mr. Brinley Richards, however, had the good fortune to do so on the 3rd and 4th inst., at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, with a result highly encouraging to himself and entirely satisfactory to his audiences. The programmes were drawn up on an excellent plan; the first part being devoted to classical music and the second to the works so popular in modern drawing-rooms, and also so associated with the name of the concert-giver. Among the former were Beethoven's Sonata in A flat and Sonata Pathétique, Handel's Capriccio (written for the Princess Amelia, Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Weber's Polonaise, and Chopin's Impromptu (Op. 29). The more popular selections were, with great propriety, taken wholly from Mr. Richards' own compositions; and comprised the "Angels' song" and "Nymphs of the Fountain" (both noticed in our reviewing columns this week), the Welsh Fantasias Nos. 1 and 2, the admirable "Octave Studies," and the spirited Tarentelle, to which we have also drawn attention elsewhere. There was a large attendance on both occasions, and the interest was well sustained to the end. This result cannot but encourage Mr. Richards to repeat what must be an interesting and instructive entertainment.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—A concert was given on Monday evening, at this elegant and fashionable locale, for the Benefit of the Widow and Children of the late Mr. Henry Buckland; and we are glad to announce that the hall was crowded in every part. The programme was varied and attractive. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. Fielding, opened the concert, with T. Cooke's glee, "Strike the Lyre," and added, in the course of the performance, some popular part-songs, which were received with much favour. Miss Julia Elton sang Wrighton's ballad, "Bright Star of Eve," most effectively. Madame Emmeline Cole, in Randegger's "Bird of the Spring-Time," pleased immensely, as did also Miss Rose Hersee in Benedict's variations for voice on "Le Carnaval de Venise," a composition which has often proved a friend to many a fair vocalist. Madame Draxill gave one or two songs in her best manner. A young vocalist, Mdlle. Angelina Salvi, made her appearance for the first time, and sang with artistic feeling the grand aria from *Semiramide*, "Ah quel giorno." She possesses a fine mezzo-soprano voice, and has evidently been taught in a good school. She is English, and will be an addition to the concert-room. Miss Mina Poole and Mrs. Thaddeus Wells also sang some popular effusions. Messrs. Montem Smith, W. Dawson, and Fred. Walker contributed to the programme by singing some standard songs. Mr. W. H. Cummings sang his own song, "Homebound Sails," and Signor Guglielmo's "Sing me that Song again," most effectively. Mr. Lewis Thomas was encored in Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer," as were Messrs. Fielding and Winn in their songs. Mr. Frederick Chatterton played his own solo on the harp, "The Nymph's Revel," with grand effect. Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, the fair pianist, was most successful in Vincent Wallace's arrangement of "Rolin Adair." A long violoncello solo was given by a Monsieur Abbot (who made his first appearance in England) on airs from Auber's *Lestocq*. This gentleman is a professor of the Conservatorium at Naples; he was accompanied by Signor Raimo, another professor from the same institution. Mr. Viotti Collins performed most brilliantly on the violin his arrangement of *Il Trovatore*, and the concert concluded with Signor Randegger's popular and effective trio, "I Naviganti," well sung by Madame Emmeline Cole, Messrs. Montem Smith and Winn. Mr. Randegger presided at the pianoforte.

BASHI BAZOOK.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON, the harpist, will visit Dublin next month, he being engaged for the express purpose of giving twelve harp recitals at the Ancient Concert Rooms. We have no doubt Mr. F. Chatterton will please his numerous friends and patrons in the Irish capital. His performance of Irish melodies on the harp have long been the theme of admiration in the London concert rooms.—B. B.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The early repetition of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* was an event to be expected. In addition to the excellence of the work, its first performance two or three weeks ago was so satisfactory as to create a general desire for a second. Of that desire the managers promptly took note, and on Saturday last it was gratified. The entire programme was as follows:—

1. Overture—*Nozze di Figaro* Mozart.
2. Aria—"Non più andrai" (*Nozze di Figaro*)—Mr. Lewis Thomas Mozart.
3. Aria—"Batti, batti" (*Don Giovanni*)—Miss Edith Wynne (Violoncello obbligato, Mr. R. Reed) Mozart.
4. Concerto for Pianoforte in G minor—Madame Arabella Goddard Mendelssohn.
5. Aria—"Be thou faithful" (*St. Paul*)—Mr. Wilbye Cooper (Violoncello obbligato, Mr. R. Reed) Mendelssohn.
6. Aria—"I dreamt I was in heaven" (*Naumyn*)—Miss Julia Elton Costa.
7. The First *Walpurgis Night*—Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Lewis Thomas, the Crystal Palace Choir, and Orchestra Mendelssohn.
8. Songs: a. "The Bird and the Maiden" Spohr.
b. "Pack Clouds Away" Macfarren.
Miss Edith Wynne (Clarinet obbligato, Mr. Pape).
9. Overture (*Leonore*, No. 3) Beethoven.

We should have preferred to hear Mozart's admirable overture taken a shade quicker. The tempo indicated by Mr. Mauns seemed to rob it of much of the impetuosity and dash which are properly its own. Although the performance was lengthened, in consequence, only by a few seconds, the difference in point of effect was considerable. The "three minutes" tradition, has, after all, more to recommend it than traditions generally, and conductors cannot do better than observe it whenever the overture is taken in hand. The G minor Concerto proved a great attraction and was heard with unflagging interest from beginning to end. It has often been played at the Palace concerts, but always with the (in this case) inevitable result of increasing the number of its admirers. The audience of Saturday last were, therefore, fully prepared for the treat offered them, and fully capable of bringing to it an intelligent appreciation. Madame Goddard was warmly received on her first appearance for the season, and the cordiality of the greeting seemed to have the effect of inciting her to a more than usually successful effort. She never played better than in this work, which demands such great and varied powers for its due performance. Whether it was the first *allegro*, with its changeful meaning; the slow movement, with its tender expression and perfect beauty; or the *finale*, so impetuous in its headlong course—all were alike excellent, neither mechanical skill nor intellectual gifts being wanting. To this the applause of the audience, which was renewed more vigorously when the fair artist returned to the platform in acknowledgment, offered a conclusive testimony. It will be seen that the same principals sang in the *Walpurgis Night*, as on the occasion of its first performance. We are scarcely called upon, therefore, to speak of their efforts in detail; but a word of praise is specially due to Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose rendering of the Druid priest's music was very commendable for its mingled earnestness and dignity. Mr. Thomas is decidedly the best representative of that ancient ecclesiastic we have yet heard. The chorus again showed how much they promise improvement. The advance actually made is not small, but the future fairly holds out hope of something very far better. With such a body of voices to work upon, the Crystal Palace Choir will soon, with efficient oversight, be all that we can wish. We say this with particular satisfaction, because that body in its former condition was a very serious obstacle to the success of the Saturday Concerts. Now, on the contrary, it is an added attraction, and, therefore, a help. The magnificent third overture to *Fidelio* (a variation upon the second), composed in 1806, permitted very few of the audience to leave before the end of the concert. If we may credit contemporary criticism, the amateurs of 1867 are a degenerate race, for this is what was said of the overture on its first production: "All impartial connoisseurs of music are perfectly agreed upon the point that never has anything been written so incoherent, noisy, intricate, and ungrateful to the ear. Its paltry ideas put to flight every idea of grandeur; for example, there is a solo for the cornet de poste, which probably has the pretension to announce the arrival of the governor." "Oui,

oui, probablement," ejaculates M. Lenz in a parenthesis, when quoting this now astounding opinion, and none of us can do other than share the disgust and pity of that enthusiastic critic. Splendidly played on Saturday, the overture made a profound impression, one almost too deep for applause.

In the vocal selections Miss Edith Wynne was heard to advantage. Least successful in "Batti, batti," she made ample amends in her rendering of the songs by Spohr and Macfarren. The latter was **enored and repeated**. Mr. Lewis Thomas, in "Non più andrai," and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, in the air from *St. Paul*, were also thoroughly acceptable. A word of praise is due to Messrs. Reed and Pape for the admirable manner in which they gave the *obbligati* entrusted to them.

THADDEUS EGG.

MR. SIMS REEVES AT MANCHESTER.

Mr. Sims Reeves has been lately giving ballad concerts at several of the leading provincial towns with more than the ordinary success attendant on performances which take place under the sanction of his own name. Within the last week he gave two concerts at Manchester on his own account, to the latter of which the *Examiner* and *Times* of Monday thus alludes:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves's second ballad concert in Manchester this season was given at the Free Trade Hall on Saturday night, and was very well attended. The performers were those who appeared at the first concert, with M. de Jong and Mr. E. Hecht added as instrumentalists; but the programme was entirely different, and, with the exception that it was too lengthy, offered a judicious selection of ballad music, or, at any rate, of such music as is supposed to be strictly in place at a ballad concert. For such an entertainment the pieces produced need not necessarily be all ballads—still less need they be old ballads, such as Mr. Chappell refreshed our ears and memories with, some time ago. Nobody likes bran-new ballads; but give an audience only a few that remind it of old times, like "The deep, deep Sea," of Horn, say, or that stir its pulse like "Tom Bowling" or "The Death of Nelson," and the rest will be good-naturedly accepted in the shape of glees and duets; to say nothing of chamber music for flute and pianoforte. Mr. Sims Reeves was, of course, rapturously received. There are thousands of people who seem to have the notion that it is as a ballad singer that he is the most remarkable; and certainly his execution of "Tom Bowling" was sufficient to cause anyone to forget for a moment his many triumphs in higher walks of art. To this song Mr. Sims Reeves gives life and feeling that no other vocalist can impart to it. His rendering of the song is full of manly pathos, and affords as good evidence as could be adduced of the many cultured means to which, besides the mere exercise of a fine voice, Mr. Reeves has had resort to render himself the popular artist he is. One half of "My pretty Jane" he had to repeat, after a slight resistance; and a refusal to comply with a demand for a repetition of "The Bay of Biscay," led to a most unseasonably disturbance on the part of the public nuisances who cry "Encore." Mr. Reeves came on the platform, bowed, and retired, but with no effect. Mr. Duffield then appeared, apparently with a few words of explanation; but the shouting and hissing were frantically continued, and he had to retreat unheard. Finally, Mr. Land, as accompanist, advanced to the pianoforte, and Mr. Reeves led on to the platform Miss Poole, who was to sing the next song, "The Dashing White Sergeant." Here Miss Poole was left, waiting to sing her song, and, to the discredit of that portion of the audience just referred to, they refused to hear her, and continued a series of yells and hootings that would have brought disgrace on the lowest concert-room in the kingdom. There was nothing after this but for Mr. Reeves to return and lead Miss Poole off the platform; and, in the midst of much din, the concert broke up unfinished, two pieces remaining unsung. Whether Mr. Reeves was wise in provoking such a disturbance when he might have averted it by singing a single verse of a ballad, is a question that may be asked; but, however it may be answered, nothing can justify the conduct of those who thus publicly insulted an artist and his colleagues because he declined to do more than he had undertaken to do.

The writer in the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* speaks most pertinently, and in a manner not to be controverted, when he asserts that "nothing can justify the conduct of those who thus publicly insulted an artist and his colleagues because he declined to do more than he had undertaken to do;" but when he hints that it involves a question whether Mr. Reeves might not have shown more wisdom in conciliating the infuriated mob by agreeing to their enforced and selfish request, we cannot help dissenting from him in toto.

Besides, the singing of a single verse of the "Bay of Biscay" in the encore, as the journalist proposes, would simply resolve itself into a farce. Why did not the writer in the *Examiner* and *Times* specify which single verse of the celebrated nautical song would be appropriate? No! Mr. Reeves, on this as on all other occasions, was perfectly right in setting his face against an intolerable grievance—intolerable alike to the artist and the general public, and which, if persisted in, will end in preventing people from going to concerts at all. In the furtherance of art, all singers are bound to follow the example set them by Mr. Sims Reeves in the suppression of encores.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.—The Bateman season at the Theatre Royal has unquestionably been the greatest dramatic success—financially—which Liverpool has witnessed for a long time. Realistic drama has crammed the "Amphi" pit and gallery, and *Caste* has filled the Alexandra stalls and boxes, but during the past fortnight *Leah* has nightly crowded boxes, pit, and gallery at the Royal. This is the more surprising when we remember that all through Miss Bateman's engagement the weather has been most unfavourable, and the other theatres of the town have been doing their best to divert the patronage from Williamson Square. Miss Bateman took her farewell of her Liverpool admirers on Friday night, when, as on her benefit night, she received quite an ovation. She was called to the front at the end of each act, and twice at the fall of the curtain. The way in which Miss Bateman has been received in Liverpool will no doubt induce her to revisit us at her earliest opportunity. A brief season of English Opera commenced on Monday night at Messrs. Wilson and Montague's pretty and comfortable hall in Lime Street, and we have reason to believe that, though this effort to keep alive native opera is not very pretentious, it will prove well worthy of public patronage. The company is, collectively, strange to Liverpool, though several individual members are well and favourably known. The performances are under the direction of Miss Annie Thirlwall and Mr. Henry Gerri. The opera on Thursday was *Faust*, which, on the whole, was effectively performed. Operatic works to be given include *The Rose of Castille*, *Satanella*, and others, which we have been accustomed to associate only with the Pyne and Harrison Company. At the Prince of Wales Theatre the attraction announced for the present week is one of Mr. Byron's burlesques, *Mazzya*, in which Mrs. John Wood is to sustain the character of Olinaka, a part which, it is said, she portrayed 300 times for the gratification of New Yorkers. The performance of Saturday evening at the Alexandra Theatre, which was for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens, attracted one of the largest houses of the season, and the opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*, was presented in such a manner as to reflect the highest credit on the vocalists, and to afford the highest gratification to the audience. A better selection for her benefit performance the *prima donna* could scarcely have made. Mdlle. Tietjens, is unquestionably the finest Lucrezia on the stage, being highly fitted in voice and *physique* for the part, and the music suiting her style in an admirable manner. Her appearance was received with enthusiasm from first to last, and her every effort was rapturously applauded. Bouquets in astounding numbers were thrown to her with obtrusive pertinacity; and though we fully endorse the appreciation which found its expression in the manner we have indicated, we cannot but feel that it might have been done in better taste. Some of the most pathetic scenes in the last act were travestied by those interruptions, and even the *prima donna* herself had judgment enough not to regard some of the complimentary buffetings which were administered at a point in the drama when any recognition of the complimentary would inevitably have ruined one of the best situations and finest pieces of acting in the whole opera. The part of Orsini was assumed in her customary able manner by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and was, as all her previous efforts have been, distinguished by consummate vocal skill, and graceful and intelligent acting. The Gennaro of Signor Bettini was an exceedingly satisfactory and artistic performance. At the beginning of the third act he introduced the romance from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, which was sung with consummate taste and skill, and created a great sensation. Signor Gassier was an able representative of the Duke Alfonso, and sang in that finished and genuine style which never forsakes him. His dress and make-up was a work of art. The smaller characters of Gubetto, Rustighello, and Petrucci were well assumed by Signors Foli and Agretti, and Mr. Lyall. The choruses were very steadily and spiritedly sung, and the accompaniments good throughout. The opera season just concluded has afforded the people of Liverpool opportunities they were too tardy of accepting for the study and enjoyment of music ranging over nearly every school of operatic art. We have had the best music of Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Bellini, and even Verdi. These are great advantages too little appreciated.—*Daily Courier*, Oct. 21.

REVIEWS.

Father, for Thy kindest Word. Sacred song. Poetry by C. L. FORD, composed by J. M'MURDIE, Mus. Bac., Oxon. [London: Lamborn Cook & Co.]

A simple devotional melody in E major, with a short episode in E minor. The accompaniment is of a varied order, being mostly in four-part harmony, with a slight admixture of *arpeggio*, which latter would be better away. Mr. M'Murdie's harmonies are a little too recondite for the character both of melody and words; in addition to which they are sometimes rather crabbed. If he be a young man (as we imagine he is), the composer will probably learn in time to avoid any unnecessary display of science. He has, however, succeeded in showing that, beside being able to make chords, he can write a melody full of feeling and expression.

My Roses blossom the whole Year round. Duet. Poetry by W. C. BENNETT, music by VIRGINIA GABRIEL. [London: Boosey & Co.]

This duet (for soprano and contralto) is of the simplest kind; the voices being together nearly throughout, and always in thirds or sixths, while the accompaniment is merely the voice parts with a very obvious bass. Miss Gabriel certainly does not expect this trifle to increase her reputation as a composer; but, nevertheless, it is a pleasing little piece, which those who have no time nor inclination to conquer difficulties will be glad to possess.

Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. No. 11. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.]

The latest number of this excellent re-issue contains several accepted favourites; among them being Paxton's "Hail, blushing goddess;" Dowland's "Come again, sweet love;" Spontini's "The joyous birds;" and S. Webb's "Breathe soft, ye winds." Criticism upon these works is by no means necessary.

Première Tarentelle pour Piano. Par BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

MR. RICHARDS has caught the true spirit of the vigorous, almost frantic, Neapolitan dance. His music rushes breathlessly along, gathering fire and energy as it goes, till its cessation becomes a surprise. What its effect would be upon an audience of southern Italians we can only guess, but looking at it as a piece of artistic work, there is no room for doubt as to the skill with which the modulations and changes of theme are made to follow each other, while avoiding anything like those violent wrenches so fatal to the success of very many similar efforts. The *tarentelle* is an admirable specimen of its class.

Should he upbraid. Sir HENRY R. BISHOP's celebrated Song arranged for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FORBES. [London: Boosey & Co.]

This "transcription" makes no very exacting demands either upon the performer's powers of execution or admiration. The numberless admirers of Bishop's song will, however, be glad to have their favourite arranged for the pianoforte.

Angelus au Couvent. Impromptu pour le Piano, par ALFRED LE BEAU. [London: Boosey & Co.]

The class of compositions to which this belongs needs no describing. It is written in A flat, with two episodes in E major and C natural respectively, and presents no difficulties even to a moderate player. The principal theme is tuneful, and with it the convent bell is heard after a fashion which will command a host of admirers. M. le Beau has supplied modern drawing-rooms with an acceptable *morceau*.

Deuxième Fantaisie sur "Oberon," de WEBER, par RENE FAVARGER. [London: Boosey & Co.]

The principal theme of this second fantasia by M. Favarger on Weber's popular opera, is the beautiful tenor air so admirably introduced into the overture. The composer has treated it with great freedom and brilliancy, and his work, compared with most of its class, presents no remarkable difficulty. To admirers of fantasias it will be welcome alike for the beauty of the theme and effectiveness with which the subject is dressed up.

The Messiah. Sacred Oratorio by GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, in complete vocal score, with accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. Newly revised and edited by GEORGE F. HARRIS. [London: Boosey & Co.]

This book (No. 1 of a series to be called "Boosey's Miniature Library") is a veritable "little wonder." It is beautifully and legibly printed, on good paper, and most carefully edited. As a hand-book for chorists or audience its size makes it peculiarly acceptable, and its ridiculously low price puts it within easy reach. On many previous occasions we thought the *ne plus ultra* of cheapness had been attained, but the Messrs. Boosey have, in this instance, far exceeded anything before known. Such enterprise ought to command success, as success is certainly deserved.

Rose d'Amour. Pensée Fugitive pour le Piano, par RENE FAVARGER. [London: Boosey & Co.]

An elegant little pianoforte piece, in which a genuine, if sentimental, melody is artistically treated. It requires to be carefully played, and demands some power of expression. Satisfied in these respects, "Rose d'Amour" will satisfy all those who hear it in return.

Compositions for Flute and Piano. By E. DE JONG.

1. Romanza.
2. Rondo à la Tarentelle.
3. Fantasia. (*Faust*).

[London: Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.]

THESE works will supply joint material for two popular drawing-room instruments, provided they be (the flute especially) in the hands of tolerably accomplished players. The *romanza* is cleverly written; its themes are full of genuine melody, and are, moreover, treated in a musically style. The subject of the *rondo* is almost entirely given to the flute. Beyond being continuously animated, it presents no features of particular merit. The fantasia from *Faust* is an excellent thing of its kind, both as regards choice of subjects, and method of treatment. We venture to predict considerable popularity for it among those skilful enough to be able to play it. Of the set of pieces it is not too much to say that they are eminently worthy of notice in such quarters.

Nymphs of the Fountain. Caprice à la Valse. Composed for the Pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

The Angel's Song. Romance for the Pianoforte. Composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

[London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THE first of these pieces has the peculiarity of being written so that all the notes in the right hand fall upon the black keys. The scale is, therefore, necessarily limited, but spite of this Mr. Richards has produced a caprice not only useful as an exercise, but worthy of attention for its own sake. With the exception of a solitary study by Chopin we know of no composition having the peculiar utility belonging to this, and have met with very few of its class equally pleasing and graceful. The "Angel's Song" is of a different order, but it, also, is calculated to sustain the well-earned reputation of its composer. If we say that the name given it does not strike one as being misapplied, we shall, perhaps, award it sufficiently high praise.

NEW ITALIAN OPERA AT PARIS.—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states that it is in contemplation to establish a second Italian Operahouse in Paris, for which Mdle. Artôt and other singers have already been engaged. Be this true or not, everyone may well inquire how the repertory is to be fed, in the present impoverished state of Italian composition [and singers!—Ed. M. W.]

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.—This new, very elegant, and commodious temple of the drama, built on the site of St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre, was inaugurated on Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Wigan. The entertainments comprised two new pieces—a farce, called *He's a Lunatic*, written by Mr. Felix Dale, and a five-act drama, entitled *The Double Marriage*, by Mr. Charles Reade, founded on his popular novel of *White Lies*. Both pieces were successful, and on the fall of the curtain, when Mr. Wigan was called for, he announced *The Double Marriage* to be performed every night until further notice, stating at the same time that Mr. Charles Reade and M. Auguste Maquet, of Parisian notoriety, were joint authors of the drama—which, by the way, might have been mentioned in the bills.

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Arrangements are pending with other composers of eminence.

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and will contain:—

1. A Pianoforte Piece, by Jules Benedict.
2. A Song, by Arthur S. Sullivan.
3. A Pianoforte Piece, by Sydney Smith.
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LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
18, HANOVER SQUARE.